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# Her Tranquil Majesty



fantasy

dystopia

66 3 4

## Chapter 1 by Alice Lin

I did not know how I came to be. There was void, and I cleared the void, I looked at the tiny sparkling atoms and I took them, and morphed them into stars, galaxies, planets. And then I made my masterpiece.

Planet Earth.

After explosions and quakes, the Earth formed. Lush, green forests; sandy, far stretching deserts; tall, proud mountains; and the sea, the tranquil body of water, sparkling blue, with storms always brewing beneath.

Such a lovely place.

So I created habitants. From the big, ferocious tiger to the small, timid rabbit. Then I created a special habitant, and I called them men. I let them roam the Earth. I let them rule the Earth. I let them take control of the Earth.

Then I let go.

And those men had spun out of m See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by JM

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Once, I could feel their footsteps on the surface of my Earth like the way a pregnant woman feels her baby kick within her belly, and the pride I knew shifted from that of a Creator to that of a Nurturer.

I watched while the intimacy of aspiration and dreaming became a shared reality; I witnessed the discovery of fire and watched it rise in controlled patches all across my world. I watched the wheel take shape, and I saw it carry the humans distances that had once been impossible. Cities rose and fell, lands shifted to accommodate the results of breeding, and language rose from the very ground and found me, somehow, in the everywhere of space and time, and through listening to their voices, I became something different. Something more than I was, and yet something less than what I was meant to become.

At times, I wonder if that wasn't my failing. Had I not made humanity special, would I not have felt bound to them? Would I have cared less as they walked my Earth, would I have felt more disappointed to see them stretch across it, from shore to shore, from grain of sand to grain of sand, leaving very little untouched by the weight of their footsteps?

Once, in the early years, I witnessed a bear attacking a woman. By then I had seen countless bears attack countless creatures, but the woman was different. At the time, what I had felt was something like mourning. Was I wrong to feel that way?

### Chapter 3 by GABRIELLA SAMANIEGO



I count the victims of my making . Wild fires, Car accidents, suicides all because of me. How did this all happen? I didn't mean for it to be like this. It must change.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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